

Remarkable Story

The story of Mrs. Matilda Warwick, of Kokomo, Ind., as told below, proves the curative properties of that well-known female remedy, Wine of Cardui. Mrs. Warwick says:

TAKE CARDUI

It Will Help You

"I suffered from pains in my head, shoulders, limbs, side, stomach low down, dizziness, chills, nervousness, fainting spells and other female troubles. I was almost dead. Three doctors did not help me. At last, I took Cardui, and with the first bottle obtained relief. Now I am cured. But for Cardui, I would have been dead." Try Cardui.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

FIRE, LIFE.

BURGLARY, TORNADO INSURANCE!!

ALSO

SURETY BONDS

Written by

H. C. Wannamaker,

I represent companies that's know to be good.

Give me some of your business.

THE SOLID SOUTH

CHAS. FRANCIS ADAMS TELLS
WHY IT EXISTS

And Intimates That the Taking
Away the Franchise From the Negro
Only Can Dissolve It.

Mr. Chas. Francis Adams, of Boston, Mass., recently made a remarkable speech at Richmond, Va., from which we make the extract below. Mr. Adams said:

"And now at last I come to the matter which brings me here—the political fact of a solid South, involving as it does the Afro-American race problem.

"The raison d'être of a solid South is not far to seek. We all are cognizant of it. It is founded in the hateful memory of what is known as the reconstruction period; and in lurking apprehension of action in the shape of new force bills, of a reduction of political power under the possible operation of the Fourteenth amendment to the constitution. The Republican party, it is believed, still feels a secret hankering for the negro vote.

"And now I come to the delicate ground. I, a New Englander, a Yankee of the Yankees, an anti-slavery man from my birth, an ex-officer of the union army, a lineal descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, brought up in the faith—I, being all this by tradition, experience and environment, am to talk to you of a problem largely in its present form the creation of those of whom I am one, and a problem which you have always with you.

"In the North and in the community to which I belong, a great change in opinion, and consequent feeling, on this grave problem has been steadily going on for many years. I have watched the change—I have undergone it, and observed its process in myself. It is interesting. To understand it we must go back about two generations, or, say sixty years, into the scriptural, and, so to speak, 'Uncle Tom's' period. The African was then a brother—descended from a common ancestor—to wit, Noah.

"Coming at once to the point—as to speak, taking the bull by the horns—let me say that I fully concur in the remark of some observing Englishman—John Morley, I think, now Lord Morley—made a year or two ago as the result of what he saw and heard during a stay in this country. He pronounced the African race problem in America as being as nearly insoluble as a human race could be. It is; and so far as we in the United States are concerned, its insolubility rests in the fact that it offers a negative—gives the lie direct—to fundamental principle of our social and political life and material development. The American system, as we all know, was founded on the assumed basis of a common humanity. That is, absence of absolutely fundamental racial characteristics was accepted as an established truth. Those of all races were welcome to our shores. They came, aliens; they, and their descendants would become citizens first, natives afterwards. It was a process first of assimilation, and then of absorption. On this all depended. There could be no permanent divisional lines. The theory was now plainly broken down. We are confronted by obvious fact, as undeniable as if as hard, that the African will only partially assimilate, and that he cannot be absorbed. He remains a distinct alien element in the body politic; an element from smallness of quantity negligible in the South. What is to be the outcome? What is to be done? A foreign substance, it can neither be assimilated nor thrown off.

"This was only fifty years ago, yet the discussion and contentions of the day seem now strangely remote, archaic even. There is no question, however, that, absurd as it sounds to us, the reconstruction system was rested on that as a basis. So Robert E. Lee was disfranchised, while the ballot was conferred on the freedmen he had himself liberated. Further comment would be superfluous. I am glad to remember that I am separated from the Republican party on that issue.

"Meanwhile the subtle change of thought was going slowly on. The scientific was gradually, imperceptibly superseding the scriptural; the Ham and Japhet and brotherhood of man theory of descent was receding—was, indeed, no longer gravely advanced. Darwin's 'Origin of Species' was published in 1859; his 'Descent of Man' in 1871, and in the light of his researches and the influences necessarily drawn from them, the Afro-American race problem assumed a new shape. Hayti and Jamaica also have served as object lessons. The solution of the problem became in the eyes of some, and those a constantly and difficult proposition. After all, the promise of conferring of the ballot had not solved it, for from so doing, it had only served to complete what be-

fore was at best a terribly confused. As it now presents itself it is simply this—to devise some practical system, other than one of slavery, whereby two races of widely different interests, attainments and ideals can live together in peace and harmony under a Republican form of government."

A Resting Place.

The country's always somewhere
How'er the city grinds,
Cool, grassy fields are waiting
How'er the dust cloud blinds,
The oaks we knew aforetime
Are each one in their place,
And butterflies drift past them
And cool cloud shadows race.

How'er work mars the pattern
Of things we planned to do,
How'er dreams of our dreaming
Lag in the coming true,
The country waits off yonder
With balm for work-worn hearts,
Vistas of blowing blossoms
To soothe the eye that smart.

How'er the world misuses us,
How'er the years shall pile
Their burdens on our shoulders,
Out yonder all the while
The country waits to greet us
With things we used to know,
The blossom-sprinkled uplands,
Tree branches bending low.

Life can not be all futile,
We scarcely dare to fall
When somewhere 'way out yonder
The calling of the quail
Rings clear across the morning,
And while the distant wood
Waits with its shadows for us
The world is always good.

And there are laughs of children
To meet us down the way,
And the gold of the sunset
Wipes all the dun and gray
Out of the world before us,
And, how'er we shall fare,
Whate'er our climbs or stumbles
The country's always there.

GIVES WIFE UP

To Man Who He Thought Needed
Her Most.

Petersburg, Ind.—A story, strange as fiction, is told by Sherman Kime, a well to do farmer of this county, who left in search of a faithless wife about two weeks ago, and, posing as a stock buyer, traveled through different parts of Arkansas and finally located the woman at Pinkney, Ark., where she had taken refuge with a married sister.

The husband had given her \$700 a few days before she left home, but most of this money is in an Oakland City, Ind., bank. Having lost her check book, Mrs. Kime was almost without resources when he discovered her hiding place. She wore good clothes when she left home, but these had become badly soiled in the two weeks and he could hardly believe she was the same woman.

She confessed to having left home because of her love for her girlhood sweetheart, John McArnold, who she was prevented from marrying by her family when she was sixteen. McArnold later had married another woman and the latter had died, leaving him a family of children to rear. Her love for him, she said, had caused her to abandon her Indiana home to join her former sweetheart in Arkansas. She begged her husband with tears and kisses to return to his old home and forget and forgive her.

This so angered Kime that he decided to go to the farm of McArnold and "settle" with him. He procured a horse and being well supplied with cash, went to the farm of McArnold. He told him he was a stockman and wished a price on his calves. In the course of the conversation McArnold became confidential with the supposed stockman and related to him his troubles, telling of the loss of his wife a few months previously, and adding that just the week before, from the want of proper care, one of his children had died. He said that all he had besides some worthless Arkansas land, was a few head of cattle on the farm. He felt his loss so heavily that tears streamed down his face as he related the story of his life to the man who had come to avenge the wrong he had done to both himself and his family.

Disclosing his identity, Kime suddenly bade the man who ruined his Indiana home farewell, returning to Pinkney, where he again saw his wife, and, bidding her farewell, started for home. In telling the story to a friend at the station he said:

"When I went to McArnold's farm I had murder in my heart. I meant to avenge the great wrong he did me and had my plans arranged never to return to my Indiana home, but his story was so touching that I thought that if he loved the woman as she said he did he needed her services worse than I, but on giving her up I lost everything that was dear to me in this world." Kime has returned to his farm west of this city and has already consulted lawyers and will bring divorce proceedings against his wife at once, so as to give her a chance to marry the man she left him for.

It is estimated that South Carolina will gather over one million bales of cotton this year. Think of that.

If you suffer from constipation and liver trouble Foley's Laxative will cure you permanently by stimulating the digestive organs so they will act naturally. Foley's Orino Laxative does not gripe, is pleasant to take and you do not have to take laxative continually after taking Orino. Why continue to be the slave of pills and tablets? A. C. Dukes, Lowman Drug Co.

J. G. Wannamaker Mfg. Co., the Drug-gist, will Give You Your Money Back if MI-O-NA Does Not Cure Dyspepsia.

IS THIS A SQUARE DEAL?

That's the squarest kind of a square deal as every fair minded man knows.

But the J. G. Wannamaker Mfg. Co. can afford to make this offer because they know that MI-O-NA tablets are a worthy stomach remedy, and that the makers will back up the generous offer.

And so we say to all readers of The Times and Democrat suffering or ailing with any stomach trouble, try MI-O-NA. It has such a mighty and powerful influence on the stomach that it immediately refreshes and relieves, then invigorates and cures.

It strengthens the stomach walls, puts the stomach in such perfect condition that it can digest food without pain or other distressing symptoms. It cures by removing the cause, and it removes the cause 96 times in a hundred.

A large box of MI-O-NA tablets only costs 50 cents, and relief will come in 24 hours.

"MI-O-NA tablets are truly great for anyone that has stomach trouble. I can not praise them too highly for what they have done for me."—Mrs. W. D. Bennett, Bucksport, Me.

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Raw Lungs.

When the lungs are sore and inflamed, the germs of pneumonia and consumption find lodgement and multiply. Foley's Honey and Tar kills the cough germs, cures the most obstinate racking cough, heals the lungs and prevents serious results. The genuine is in the yellow package. A. C. Dukes, Lowman Drug Co.

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New dwelling, barn and servant houses. Will sell as a whole or cut to suit purchaser.

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WINDOW AND DOOR SCREENS.

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I am not going to handle hay rakes any longer and will sell stock on hand at cost.

A fine lot of one and two horse wagons at greatly reduced prices.

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To Day?

How's your stomach?
Sour—weak—nervous—shaky?
Bad taste? Last night's dinner didn't agree?
Well, just step over to the drug store and get a bottle of

Kodol

For Indigestion and Dyspepsia

Take a good, liberal dose, and you will be surprised how good it will make you feel. Kodol makes weak stomachs strong. Kodol is pleasant and palatable. Kodol digests all the food you eat.

Keeps the Stomach Sweet

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On Friday, Nov. 27
We will Have on
Special Sale Our
Entire Stock of

FANCY LAMPS

At Bargain Day
Prices. Lamps Regularly Priced At
From \$1.00 to \$13-00 to go at From
69c to \$9.59.

Some Beautifully
Hand Painted.

Sale Will be for 3
Days, Nov. 27, 28
and 30.

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ham at 5c, in all colors. Our
line of dress goods in tan,
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one of the best values.
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a full line of toys...

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